

# THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, THIRTEEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR," AND "LITERARY WORLD."

No. 81. NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1842.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

## LONDON LODGINGS.

FROM GODFREY MALVERN; OR, THE LIFE OF AN AUTHOR.  
BY THOMAS MILLER.

THE following very graphic, and we must add, accurate, picture of a phase of London life, is slid into the fourth part of Mr. Miller's already popular *serial*, *Godfrey Malvern*. To paraphrase a somewhat eccentric title, it represents, to the letter, "the Pursuit of" Comfort "under Difficulties," and is, at the same time, a well-drawn scene of common-life excellence in sketching, which is far more rare than is generally imagined; thousands forgetting the Horatian maxim:

"Difficile est proprie communia dicere."

The characters are Godfrey, and his friend the Editor: "There is a way of doing things in London very different to what you see elsewhere, especially in the lodging-letting department. In a country town you see a dirty piece of paper stuck in the window, with four red wafers, which tells you bluntly and boldly that there are either 'lodgings to let,' or 'good beds for travellers.' Not so in a decent lodging-letting, good-looking, London street. There you are informed in gold letters, on a shining black or blue ground, surrounded with a neat-looking frame, that there are 'genteel apartments to let for a gentleman.' Or, perchance, you see written, in a very neat hand, on a richly-embossed card, deeply fringed with riband, and looking quite like an ornament to the window, 'apartments to let respectably furnished;' or, still neater and more astounding, 'a back bed-room for a gentleman, with the use of the parlour;' which means, that if a friend calls he can be shown into the parlour, until you can show him into the back bed-room; for the 'use of the parlour' is at the service of every lodger in the house for a few minutes, and you take your 'turn' as they do in a barber's shop. And should your friend stay too long, a voice is soon heard in the passage, exclaiming, 'Gentlemen who keep company, should pay for a sitting-room, and not let people wait about in this manner.'

"They surveyed several apartments, and those who had really anything respectable to let, asked two guineas per week for a first floor, which included attendance; and which attendance signified, that the poor little dirty Cinderella who opened the door, and did every thing, was to wait upon the first-floor lodgers (as well as the other half-dozen who already domiciled under the roof) when she had time. And, oh, the variety of beds, the real beds, the apologies for beds, and the concealed beds! Godfrey saw, in the course of the day, the bold four-poster, the cheap-looking tent, French-bedsteads without end, sofas, drawers, wardrobes, and the downright undisguised turn-up, where a servant might sleep, after she had worked until she could no longer keep her eyes open; and he thought that they knew well how to make the most of room in London.

"You find things look rather different here to what they do in the country," said the editor, as they again continued their search. "There is very little of that true, homely, English comfort to be found in such places as these. A real, downright London lodging-letting house is one of the most uncomfortable places in the civilized world. I mean one of those where the landlord lives by

VOL. IV.

his lodgers, and is so good a hand at his business that he contrives to change them every week. Such houses as these are nearly all alike. I never enter one without feeling cold; there is not a single thing in the place that you can call your own. They were used by another the day before you came, and probably another takes possession the day after you have gone; and neither the landlord nor landlady cares who or what they were, so long as they are paid. All the chimney-pieces seem to be alike; they are ornamented with a number of little white dogs, birds, baskets, and shells, all looking like lumps of ice, and these the poor little dirty, half-fed servant girl has to dust every morning. If you chance to get up a little earlier than usual, you have to sit down and look on while she dusts them. I always feel a strong inclination to throw such useless trumpery out of the window. And the fire-irons look so cold and bright, they make you feel as if you were freezing. They always stand in the same position; it pains you to see them so long in the same place; and were you to remove them only an inch, when you came back you would find them standing in the self-same spot as they did before. As for the fire, you might carry it all away in your hat without burning yourself. Then there is sure to be a mirror over the mantel-piece, the frame covered with gauze. You would feel much more comfortable if the mirror was but cracked; you might then think that somebody or another had been merry in that cheerless room; but there are no signs of any one having played and romped there; no marks of restless children's hands to tell that they have used things as if they were their own, for they rarely let apartments to those who have children; the moody, the thoughtful, and the silent, are their favourites. Even the table-cover is free from grease; there is no drop of ink upon it, although it is nearly worn threadbare. As for the chairs and carpets, you feel half afraid either to sit down on the one, or tread upon the other. Then your breakfast, they bring it up on a half-worn tray, bread, butter, tea, half cold, and a rasher of bacon that looks as if it had been laid in the sun to warm. It comes and goes, and what is left, diminishes somehow in the dark kitchen below; for what could the poor hungry servant do, were it not for the lodgers? If a friend comes in on an evening, to take a glass of grog with you, you ring the bell; and after a long interval, the servant appears:—ten to one, if you want hot water, the fire is out. I always prefer cold grog, when I visit any of my friends in these trim abodes of misery. As for a cigar,—where could you shake off the ashes?—not on those cold, bright fire-irons; not on that clean, threadbare carpet:—no! there is no home-feeling about such places. Then your bill at the end of the week—you know to a minute when it will be brought in; it is sure to be served up with the cold tea, and the sun-warmed bacon, at breakfast; and Heaven help the lodger who cannot pay it! They watch you as if you were a thief; you no sooner go out, than they are up in your rooms, to see whether you have taken anything or not; they count the white dogs, and the birds, and the little baskets, to see that you have not carried any off in your pockets. To be friends with any one under their roof, is against their principles; for, once familiar, they would begin to suspect that you wanted to run into debt: then with what face could they bully you for the

E

money, if you did not pay to the day? They like your quiet, sullen, saucy-looking lodger the best; one who, when he goes out, slams the door in their faces, as if to say, 'D—n you, I pay.'

"Breakfast was brought up by the Cinderella of the establishment,—a little dirty trollops, such as can be found nowhere in the world, saving in a regular London lodging-house. Poor girl! the kind manner in which Emma spoke to her, was so unlike the general treatment she received, that she scarcely knew what she was about; and when she left the room, she staid on the landing to wipe away the tear from her begrimed cheek.

"Oh! how different was her reception in the parlour, where sat the big, vulgar, gin-drinking mistress of the house. 'What a while you've been up-stairs!' exclaimed the landlady; 'I could have waited on twenty people in the time. Remember there are more folks than one to be attended to. Put some more water in the tea-pot, and answer the bell up-stairs. Mr. Potts has rung for his shaving-water this half-hour. But first bring a little more coal up, and fetch some sugar in—I have not enough for breakfast; and tell Mr. Dent it must be better than the last, or I shall seek another shop. Don't you hear Mr. Malvern's bell?—why do you stand there like a stupid?"

"Poor Cinderella! no marvel that among so many various orders, she knew not which to execute first. But it was of little consequence, for she was sure to do wrong; she was always doing from morning until night;—she worked, and the landlady growled—and so they passed the day.

"It would have frightened any servant but a real London Cinderella, to have gone down into the kitchen in a morning, and have seen the work those little hands had to do. The rows of boots and shoes she had to clean—the candlesticks to rub bright—the dishes to wash up—the pots and pans to scour—the rugs to shake—the washing she had about of her own, all the week, and which never was done, although she was always a-doing. Then the number of times she went in and out in a day—she seemed to flit to and fro like a swallow while building its nest; she was here and there in a moment—in and out like a dog in a fair. Now off for tea—then butter—next time, a chop—then a bottle of soda-water for the gentleman who had drunk too much over-night.—Again, for the newspaper—a letter to the post-office—a pair of shoes to mend—a bundle to be carried to the laundress—a quartern of gin for the landlady. And she was ever taking down her little bonnet, which she never tied, and throwing on the half-shawl, she never pinned—then with the latch-key in her hand, pointing her head twenty different ways—going—returning—then diving into the kitchen for a few moments to do her work—then up again to answer the bell; and never executing a single command of the lodgers, without being called into the parlour, to tell the landlady what it was; and sometimes such a dialogue as the following took place between the she-corsair and Cinderella:—'What's that?'—'A chop for the gentleman.'—'What did you pay for it?'—'Fourpence-halfpenny: I've got sevenpence-halfpenny out of the shilling he gave me.'—'Then put the three-halfpence on the mantel-piece, and say it cost sixpence.—And reach me a knife to take a slice off that half-pound of butter, before it goes up.—And tell the gentleman he wants some bread getting. We ate the last of his loaf, last night—but don't tell him that!—And say his tea is nearly out. Then bring me up his ham; I think I could eat a mouthful for my lunch. And never take anything up-stairs again without letting me first see it. If people will put us to so much trouble, we must be paid

either 'by hook or by crook.' And tell Mr. Potts we kept his fire burning last night, until just before he came home; and that the old-clothes dealer would only allow five shillings for the things he left out to be sold; and here, take it up-stairs, and never call that man in again—they were well worth a pound, though he would give no more than fifteen shillings; but the Jews have no consciences! If he gives you anything out of the five shillings, give it me towards a new gown which I mean to buy you some day or another, if you are a good girl.' 'Yes, ma'am,' was the reply; and she again hurried upstairs to answer the bells, first looking in upon our hero and his beautiful wife, for the sweet smile and soft voice of Emma, had won her heart.

"*Genius* is, after all, a queer commodity to bring into the market. Cotton or coffee, tea or turnips, are things which most people understand at once; but a poem, or a little prose-sketch, are not articles of daily consumption. Authorship is the last trade that will affect the funds; we find it not in the money market; it is not even whispered on 'Change; the manuscripts read there belong not to the poetical: a drama of *Shakspeare's* would stand at a discount. Wealth and fame have but little fellowship with one another. Wealth wins himself only for the day; he waves his condor-like plumes, and startles the country for a few brief moments, then sinks into—carrion. The wings of Fame are more endurable: though they flap but weakly at first, yet in that very flapping there is fire, and when consumed there lie the ashes of a phoenix—another head bears up above the blaze. Immortality claims the ashes for her own. The wings of Fame are silvered with moonlight, and tipped with the rays of the sun; and while there is light in the world, those plumes will catch its last ray. It is the last gold eternity will gild, the last earthly thing the closing gates of heaven will darken upon."

#### AN APOLOGY.

Oh lady! blame me not because thy form

Hath passed unnoticed in the crowded throng;

The brilliant stars night's dusky veil adorn,

Yet memory frail will oft times do them wrong:

They rise, they shine, and bless this earthly spot,

We gaze, adore, and yet we *know* them not.

And such is human life! though joys depart,

And dark and gloomy are our prospects here;

Though clouds may cast their shadows o'er the heart,

One sunbeam still our onward path will cheer:

One ray of hope which brightens all our lot,

And still sustains us, though we know it not.

Go watch yon sleeping infant, you will see

Angelic smiles play o'er his features now;

As though some ray from Heaven benignantly,

Had touched with beauty, and with light, his brow:

Some kindred angels watch around his cot,

And guard his slumbers, though he sees them not.

The child has grown to manhood; hopes and fears

Alternate soothe and agitate his rest;

His cheek illumed with smiles, or dimmed by tears,

Proclaims the strife of passions in his breast:

And Prudence whispers him,—impetuous, hot,

He scorns her dictates, and he heeds her not.

Or, see yon aged man, whose streaming hair

Is silvered o'er by time's all-changing hand;

With eyes upturned, and lips apart in prayer,

He pants to join in heaven the seraph band:

Kind angels wait to waft him to the spot,

He *feels* their presence, though he sees them not.

Thus, lady—thus, in every stage of life,

In crowded courts, or on the village green,

Some hand angelic, and with blessings rife,  
Is most beneficent when most unseen:  
Our choicest blessings are too soon forgot,  
So thou didst pass, and yet I knew thee not. G. T. S.

### DUELS BETWEEN FRENCH WOMEN.

THAT women, who can mostly get silly people to fight for them, should not themselves fight, is natural; but there are instances on record in which ladies have shown their determination to avenge their own wrongs.

Madame de Villecheu mentions a duel fought with swords by the Henriette Sylvie of Molière with another woman, both in male attire. In the letters of Madame Dunoyer, a case is mentioned of a lady of Beaucaille, and a young lady of rank, who fought with swords in their garden, and would have killed each other, had they not been separated; this meeting had been preceded by a regular challenge. De la Combière mentions a duel that took place on the Boulevard St. Antoine between two ladies, in which they inflicted on each other's face and bosom several wounds, two points at which female jealousy would naturally aim. St. Foix relates the case of Mademoiselle Durieux, who, in the open street, fought her lover, of the name of Antinotti. But the most celebrated female duellist was the actress Maupin, one of the performers at the Opera. Serane, the famous fencing-master, was one of her lovers, and from him she received many valuable lessons. Being insulted one day by an actor of the name of Dumény, she called him out; but, as he refused to give her satisfaction, she carried away his watch and snuff-box as trophies of her victory. Another performer having presumed to offend her, on his declining a meeting, he was obliged to kneel down before her and implore her forgiveness. One evening, at a ball, having behaved in a very rude manner to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did, on the condition that those gentlemen who had warmly espoused the offended lady's cause should accompany her. To this proposal they agreed—when, after a hard combat, she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room. Louis XIV. granted her a pardon, and she withdrew to Brussels, where she became the mistress of the Elector of Bavaria. However, she soon afterwards returned to the Parisian Opera, and died in 1707, at the age of 37.

Under the regency, a pistol meeting took place between the Marquise de Nesle and the Countess Polignac, for the possession of the Duc de Richelieu; and in more modern times, so late indeed as 1827, a Madame B—, at St. Rambert, received a challenge to fight with pistols; and at about the same period, a lady of Chateauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting the insult, called out the offender, and fighting him with swords, severely wounded him.

In 1828, a duel took place between a young girl and a *garde du corps*. She had been insulted by the gallant soldier, and insisted upon satisfaction, selecting her own weapons, by the right of an offended party. Two shots were exchanged, but without any result, as the seconds very wisely had not loaded with ball. The young lady, however, ignorant of this precaution, fired first, and received the fire of her adversary with the utmost coolness; when, to try her courage, after taking a long and deliberate aim, he fired in the air, and thus terminated the meeting, which no doubt led to many others of a less hostile nature.

In the same month, as a striking instance of the contagion of this practice, a duel was fought near Strasbourg between a French woman and a German lady, both of whom were in love with an artist. The parties met on the ground armed with pistols, with seconds of their own sex. The German damsel wanted to fire across a pocket-handkerchief, but the French lady and her seconds insisted upon a distance of twenty-five paces. They both fired without effect, when the exasperated German insisted that they should carry on the contest until one of the parties fell. This determination, however, was controlled by the seconds, who put a stop to further proceedings, but were unable to bring about a reconciliation.—*Dr. Milligan's History of Duelling.*

### SEPULCHRAL REMAINS IN EUROPE.

FROM DR. PRICHARD'S NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN.

SEPULCHRAL remains are in Europe much more rare and imperfect than in Egypt; yet there are, if we view them collectively, a great number of such relics; and in some districts they are comparatively frequent. The north of Italy, and especially the country of the ancient Etruscans, abounds in magnificent tombs or places of sepulture. They have been described by Professor K. O. Müller. It appears clearly that these remains, as described by Müller, belong to a people whose physical characters were very different from those of the modern Italians, their descendants. The following observations appeared in a memoir on this subject, contributed by Müller to the *Transactions of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin*.

The countenances of the Etruscans appear to have been of a large and round shape; their eyes large; the nose not long, but thick; the chin strong and somewhat protruding. The figures display in their proportions men of small stature, with great heads, short thick arms, and a clumsy and inactive conformation of body—the “*obesos et pingues Etruscos*.”

The male figures are all beardless, quite smooth and shaven about the chin, dressed in the tunic, or toga, which is sometimes drawn up over the hinder part of the head. On the head they generally wear a wreath of leaves; some hold in their right hand a drinking-cup, and in their left a patera. They repose in an easy posture, a little raised, with their left elbow rested, as if in the attitude of persons who leave the festival of life as well-satisfied guests. The little finger of the left hand is commonly ornamented with a ring. The women lie in the same position as the men: they are clothed with a tunic, some having below their breast a broad girdle, fastened before by wheel-shaped buckles, and with a peplum, which sometimes veils the hinder part of the head. In one hand they hold an apple, or some similar fruit, and in the other a fan. These figures are embossed on the coverings of the sarcophagi, which are formed of stone or of clay. On the clay coverings, where a variety of colours is used on the reliefs, these figures are also painted. In them the hair is of a yellow brown colour, and the eyes brown, and the armour and shields of a bluish black, which seems intended to show that they were made of iron.\*

Sepulchral tumuli are spread over all the northern and western parts of Europe, and over many extensive regions in northern Asia, as far eastward at least as the river Yenisei. They contain the remains of races either long ago extinct, or of such as have so far changed their abodes and manner of existence that the ancestors can no longer be recognised in their descendants. They abound on the banks of the great rivers Irtysh and Yenisei, where the greatest numbers of the then existing people were collected by the facilities afforded to human intercourse. In Northern Asia, these tombs are ascribed to Tschudes, or barbarians, nations foreign and hostile to the Slavic race. The erections of these sepulchral mounds were equally distinct and separate from the Tartar nations, who preceded the Slaves; for the tombs of the Tartars, and all edifices raised by them, indicate the use of iron tools; and the art of working of iron mines has ever been a favourite attribute of the Tartar nations. But silver and golden ornaments of rude workmanship, though not in abundant quantity, are found in the Siberian tombs. The art of fabricating ornaments of the precious metals seems to have preceded by many ages the use of iron in the northern regions of Asia.

In the plains where these tombs are found, it is not unfrequent to meet with circles of upright stones, like those which in Europe are termed Druidical, but which are by no means confined to the countries where Druidism is known to have prevailed.

In the western and northern parts of Europe, are innumerable sepulchral mounds, or barrows. Many have been examined, both in the British Isles, and in Denmark and

\* This information is interesting in connexion with the fine Etruscan antiquities in the British Museum.—Ed. L. S. J.



Scandinavia. It is much to be regretted that no systematic account has been kept of the results. In this country particularly, nothing has been attempted, in a comprehensive point of view, towards the elucidation of national archaeology by similar researches. It appears, however, from late investigations of Professor Eschricht, that the sepulchral remains of ancient European nations may be referred to three periods. The first is the age when tumuli raised over the dead contained no metallic implements or ornaments. Rings and beads, and other ornaments of amber, in the countries near the Baltic; implements worked from bone, with arrow heads of flint and fish-bone; celts formed of flint or stone, and other implements manufactured from such materials as we find every where to have been used previously to the invention of metals, are found in various places in tombs of this description. In short, they display a state of rudeness with respect to the knowledge of useful arts not very different from that which prevails in the islands of the Great Pacific.

The osteological characters of skulls and skeletons found in tombs of this era are peculiar: they belong to an earlier race, long ago swept away by one which succeeded it.

It may be worth while to remark that by far the greatest number of barrows opened in different parts of Britain, belong to this class. They are so numerous, that it is generally believed by antiquaries that the tombs of the Celts prior to the Roman invasion were generally of this kind. There were, however, some belonging to the succeeding class both in Britain and in Ireland.

The second class of tumuli belong evidently to an era subsequent to that which produced the former. In these it is common to find plates of gold, rings of gold or brass, various ornaments of bronze; sometimes swords or blades of brass have been discovered in them, but never tools of iron, or indications of sculpture which implied the possession of iron tools. A third set of tumuli contain instruments of iron: these evidently belong to a later period than that of the brazen and golden ornaments. The interior arrangements of these different sets of sepulchral mounds are different; but this is a subject beyond our present limits.

The purpose for which I have been induced to offer these observations is to point out the series of osteological remains which may be established by means of them. There seems to be good reason to believe that, by a collection of skulls and skeletons from these different sets of barrows, an historical series may be established, each set displaying the remains of the races of people by whom they were erected.

### CURIOSITIES OF GARDENING.

(FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, JUST PUBLISHED.)

GARDENING, as well as literature, has its 'curiosities,' and a volume might be filled with them. How wonderful, for instance, the sensitive plant which shrinks from the hand of man,—the ice-plant that almost cools one by looking at it,—the pitcher-plant with its welcome draught,—the hair-trigger of the stylium,—and, most singular of all, the carnivorous 'Venus' fly-trap' (*Dionaea muscipula*)—

'Only think of a vegetable being carnivorous!'—

which is said to bait its prickles with something which attracts the flies, upon whom it then closes, and whose decay is supposed to afford food for the plant. Disease is turned into beauty in the common and crested moss-rose, and a *lusus nature* reproduced in the hen-and-chicken daisy. There are phosphorescent plants, the fire-flies and glow-worms of the vegetable kingdom. There are the microscopic lichens and mosses; and there is the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, each of whose petals is a foot long, its nectary a foot in diameter, and deep enough to contain three gallons, and weighing fifteen pounds! What mimicry is there in the orchisees, and the hare's-foot fern, and the Tartarian lamb (*Polypodium Baronyetz*\*)!

\* So, we believe, rightly spelt; though otherwise by Dr. Darwin, whose well-balanced and once-fashionable lines are

What shall we say to Gerarde's Barnacle-tree, 'whereon do grow certaine shells of a white colour tending to russet, wherein are contained little living creatures: which shells in time of maturity do open, and out of them grow those little living things, which falling into the water do become fowles, which we call Barnacles?' What monsters (such at least they are called by botanists) has art produced in doubling flowers, in dwarfing, and hybridizing;—'painting the lily,'—for there are pink (!) lilies of the valley, and pink violets, and yellow roses, and blue hydrangeas; and many are now busy in seeking that 'philosopher's stone of gardening,' the blue dahlia—a useless search, if it be true that there is no instance of a yellow and blue variety in the same species. Foreigners turn to good account this foolish rage of ours for every thing novel, and monstrous, and unnatural, more worthy of Japan and China than of England, by imposing upon the credulous seeds and cuttings of yellow moss-roses, and scarlet laburnums, and fragrant peonies, and such like.

We cannot but admire the practice of the Church of Rome, which calls in the aid of floral decorations on her high festivals. If we did not feel convinced that it was the most bounden duty of the Church of England, at the present moment, to give no unnecessary offence by restorations in indifferent matters, we should be inclined to advocate, notwithstanding the denunciations of some of the early Fathers, some slight exception in the case of our own favourites. We shall not easily forget the effect of a long avenue of orange-trees in the cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels, calling to mind as it did the expression of the psalmist, 'Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.' The white lily is held throughout Spain and Italy the emblem of the Virgin's purity, and frequently decorates her shrines; and many other flowers, dedicated to some saint, are used in profusion on the day of his celebration. The oak-leaf and the palm-branch have with us their loyal and religious anniversary, and the holly still gladdens the hearts of all good churchmen at Christmas—a custom which the Puritans never succeeded in effacing from the most cant-ridden parish in the kingdom. Latterly, flowers have been much used among us in festivals, and processions, and gala days of all kinds—the dahlia furnishing, in its symmetry and variety of colouring, an excellent material for those who, perhaps, in their young days sowed their own initials in mustard-and cress, to inscribe in their maturer years their sovereign's name in flowers. Flowering plants and shrubs are at the same time becoming more fashionable in our London ball-rooms. No dread of 'noxious exhalations' deters mammas from decorating their halls and staircases with flowers of every hue and fragrance, nor their daughters from braving the head-aches and pale cheeks, which are said to arise from such innocent and beautiful causes. We would go one step further, and replace all artificial flowers by natural ones, on the dinner-table and in the hair. Some of the more amaranthine flowers, as the camellia and the hoy, which can bear the heat of crowded rooms, or those of regular shapes, as the dahlia and others, would, we are sure, with a little contrivance in adjusting and preserving them, soon eclipse the most artistical wreaths of Natier or Forster, and we will venture to promise a good partner for a waltz and for life to the first fair *débutante* who will take courage to adopt the natural flower in her 'sunny locks.'

now so forgotten that we think our readers will not be sorry to be reminded of their pompous existence.

'Cradled in snow and fann'd by arctic air,  
Shines, gentle BAROMETZ! thy golden hair;  
Rooted in earth each cloven hoof descends,  
And round and round her flexile neck she bends;  
Crops the grey coral moss, and hoary thyme,  
Or laps with rosy-tongue the melting rime;  
Eyes with mute tenderness her distant dam,  
Or seems to bleat, a *Vegetable Lamb*!'

Bot. Gard., iii, 283.

## VAST RESOURCES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Our transmarine dominions offer to the agriculturist measureless fields for pasture and tillage; to the manufacturer an incalculable extension of the home market for the disposal of his wares; to the merchant and mariner, vast marts for profitable traffic in every product with which nature has bounteously enriched the earth; to the capitalist an almost interminable site for the profitable investment of his funds; and to the industrious, skilful, and intelligent emigrant, an area of upwards of two million square miles, where every species of mental ingenuity and manual labour may be developed and nurtured into action, with advantage to the whole family of man. England has no need to manufacture beet root sugar (as France)—her West and East India possessions yield an inexhaustible profusion of the cane;—grain (whether wheat, barley, oats, maize, or rice) everywhere abounds;—her Asiatic, American, Australian, and African possessions contain boundless supplies of timber, corn, coal, iron, copper, gold, hemp, wax, tar, tallow, &c.;—the finest wools are grown in her South Asian regions;—cotton, opium, silk, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, saltpetre, spices, spirits, wines and fruits, are procurable of every variety and to any extent in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South of the empire;—on the icy coast of Labrador as well as at the opposite pole, her adventurous hunters and fishers pursue their gigantic game almost within sight of their protecting flag;—and on every soil, and under every habitable climate, Britons desirous of change, or who cannot find occupation at home, may be found implanting or extending the language, laws, and liberties of their father-land. In fine, on this wondrous empire the solar orb never sets,—while the hardy woodsman and heroic hunter on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa are shivering beneath a wintry solstice, the peaceful but no less meritorious farmer and shepherd on the Kysna and Hawkesbury, are rejoicing over the golden grain and fleece of the autumnal southern clime, and every breeze that blows from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle is wafting over the unfathomable ocean myriads

"Whose march is on the mountain wave,  
Whose home is on the deep."

From Montgomery Martin's *History of the British Colonies*.

## PHYSICAL CHARACTER OF THE GREEKS.

ABRIDGED FROM DR. PRICHARD'S "HISTORY OF MAN."

It is well known that the remains of Grecian sculpture display the finest and most expanded form of the human skull. It has been supposed, indeed, that the Grecian profile has been exaggerated or drawn from the imagination; but Blumenbach, in a memoir in the "Gottingen Transactions," and in the notes to his sixth decade, has refuted this opinion. A Greek skull in his collection, and one belonging to the ever-barbarous and unintellectual race of Georgians, are said to be the most beautiful in his whole collection, consisting of 170 crania of different nations.

In the head of the Apollo Belvedere we may probably recognise a good model of the national physiognomy of their ancestors.

The complexion of the Greeks varied, like that of other Europeans, as we know tolerably well from ancient writers. The epithets of yellow, red, and black-haired, blue-eyed, and many others, indicate that the same variety of complexion existed formerly among the Greeks which we recognise among other nations in the south of Europe, especially in countries where the climate is varied by differences of situation and of elevation. It seems that in this respect, as well as in the beauty of

form, for which the old Greeks were noted, the modern Greeks, their posterity, still resemble them. M. Pouqueville assures us, that the models which inspired Apelles and Phidias are still to be found among the inhabitants of the Morea. "They are generally tall, and finely formed; their eyes are full of fire, and they have a beautiful mouth ornamented with the finest teeth. There are, however, degrees in their beauty, though all may be generally termed handsome. The Spartan woman is fair, of a slender make, but with a noble air. The women of Taygetes have the carriage of Pallas when she wielded her formidable aegis in the midst of a battle. The Messenian woman is low of stature, and distinguished for her *embonpoint*; she has regular features, large blue eyes, and long black hair. The Arcadian, in her coarse woollen garments, scarcely suffers the regularity of her form to appear; but her countenance is expressive of innocence and purity of mind. Chaste as daughters, the women of the Morea assume as wives even a character of austerity." The Greek women, in the time of Pouqueville, were extremely ignorant and uneducated. "Music and dancing seem to have been taught them by nature. The favourable traits of character among the Greeks, in general, are in part attributable to their early education. We are assured that the children are left to grow in full liberty, like the robust plants which adorn their native soil. They are not subjected to the harsh treatment which the children of the lower classes experience in more civilized countries, nor are their countenances expressive of any kind of painful sentiment."

The same writer has described the inhabitants of Sparta. He says, "The Laconians differ in manners and address from their neighbours the Arcadians; the latter carry the scrip and crook, and lead a perfectly pastoral life; the inhabitants of Sparta, on the contrary, fond of combats, are of a lively and restless character, and are easily irritated." M. Pouqueville speaks of the long flaxen hair of the women of Sparta, their majestic air and carriage, their elegant forms, the regularity of their features, animated by large blue eyes bordered with long eye-lashes. "The men," he says, "among whom some are 'blonds,' or fair, have noble countenances; are of tall stature, masculine and regular features." They have preserved something of the Dorians of ancient Sparta.

## POEM, FROM THE CHINESE.\*

CHINA has had her Augustan age of poetry; and it is remarkable that this brilliant epoch in Chinese letters was during the eighth century of our era, when almost the whole of Europe was sunk in gross ignorance and barbarism. We subjoin a single specimen of Chinese poetry, in a touching little piece, published in the second volume of the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society*, and written 3000 years ago. Besides the pleasure its intrinsic beauty will afford, it offers a convincing proof of the substantial identity of human feelings in all times and countries. The piece bemoans the fate of a maiden betrothed to a humbler rival, but compelled to become the bride of a rich and powerful suitor:—

"The nest yon winged artist builds,  
Some robber bird shall tear away;  
So yields her hopes the affianced maid,  
Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey!

The fluttering bird prepares a home,  
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell;  
Forth goes the weeping bird, constrained,  
A hundred cars the triumph swell.

Mourn for the tiny architect,  
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest;  
Mourn for the hapless, stolen bride,  
How vain the pomp to soothe her breast!"

\* From the Catalogue of Mr. Dunn's "Chinese Collection."

## New Books.

A TOPOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF SURREY. BY E. W. BRAYLEY, F.S.A.

SOMEWHAT more than four years have elapsed since we addressed to the inhabitants of the county of Surrey, Proposals for publishing a new Survey of their picturesque locality. The idea originated with the veteran topographer Mr. Britton, who, in his numerous visits to the Deepdene, the seat of the late Mr. Thomas Hope, became fascinated with the beauty of the scenery, and the interesting character of the entire county; and felt that a new History of Surrey, which should vividly describe its natural state, and present as well as past condition, would be liberally encouraged by the public. This idea was mentioned by Mr. Britton to Mr. Ede, the respectable printer, at Dorking, who entertained the project, not only as a commercial undertaking, but as an enterprise likely to improve the interests of the county wherein he was born and educated, and has resided all his life-time; and we can unhesitatingly assert, that no man in the county could, by integrity, industry, or intelligence, be better qualified for the enterprise. We are not induced to make this assertion by any consideration of private friendship or sense of gratitude, but as an act of public duty; and, should any reader be disposed to doubt this statement, the explanation we are about to give of our present position, as regards the New History of Surrey, it is trusted, will place our motives beyond suspicion.

It next became requisite to find an author able and willing to write the proposed History.—Mr. Britton, from his advanced age, being unwilling to enter upon that responsibility; but he very kindly addressed to Mr. Ede the following letter upon the subject:—

"Dear Sir,—Although you are personally acquainted with Mr. John Timbs, and know the merits of his early productions, you have not had the same opportunities of watching his progress and performances in literature which have fallen to my lot. For many years past, I have witnessed his incessant devotion to its many fascinating attractions; his steadiness in accomplishing periodical duties; his facility and varied talents in writing clearly and effectively on subjects of history, biography, and science; particularly on antiquities and topography. From this evidence, I cannot hesitate in recommending him as peculiarly qualified to write the History of the County of Surrey, which you and I lately talked of as a desideratum. His early literary partialities and feelings were roused and confirmed by perambulations round Dorking; and subsequent studies and journeyings have tended to enlarge his views, and strengthen his opinions of the commanding interest and varied importance of topographical history. Though I am advanced in age, my partialities for the subject are as ardent as ever; and it will afford me delight, with rational, exciting occupation, to co-operate with my esteemed friend in prosecuting and completing a History of Surrey, which may ultimately redound to the credit, if not to the pecuniary advantage, of all parties concerned.

"Believe me, yours truly, J. BRITTON.

"Burton Street, London,  
15th May, 1838."

The proposal was, accordingly, made to ourselves; and, after much consideration, we wrote the Prospectus, projecting to publish the work by subscription, and consented to abide by the issue. Mr. Ede's own townsmen, and the gentry of his neighbourhood, at once subscribed in such number as to be especially gratifying to him; and their example being followed throughout the county, early in 1839 the promise of success was so decisive, that we were

induced to commence writing the work. Previous to this resolution, however, the difficulties of making satisfactory arrangements with artists and engravers were very great; the determination of the plan of the work a task of severe trial; and the outlay of capital very considerable: neither did the subscription-list yet assure remuneration; but, with these disheartening prospects, and vexatious delays too numerous to repeat, the printer buckled on the armour of application, and resolved to bring out the work. The enterprise was a bold one, and we rejoice to add that its success has been commensurate with its risk.

Meanwhile, we made frequent journeys into various parts of the county, were every where flatteringly received, and promised aid from many quarters. We have an especially pleasurable recollection of our urbane welcome at Hampton Lodge, by the accomplished owner, who has investigated the early history of the county with the erudition of the antiquary, and the refinement of the scholar. Hampton is, probably, one of the most delightful retreats in the county; and, lying contiguous to the elevated agger, known as "the Hog's Back," along which the war-chariots of our ancestors rolled many centuries since, and Vespasian himself is reasonably supposed to have marched—the historical interest of the locality almost equals its natural beauty: halting upon its majestic brow, once a British trackway, and glancing at the sharp outline of the railway in the horizon, how strangely was associated in our mind's eye that mechanical triumph of our own times, with the traces of barbaric warfare, "distinguished by those interesting appellations which make us seek in our very walks the very foot-marks of the Roman soldier." The connecting link between these two great epochs in our history lay in the valley, where Guildford, with its castle-keep, shattered in the warfare of time, carried us through the Anglo-Saxon and Norman times of massacre and rapine, feast and fight, tournament and trial; whilst its friary, hospital, and churches, are memorials of the more pacific character of later ages. Such objects in a prospect we have ever regarded as the great land-marks of history, illustrating epochs and events as graphically as any effort of pictorial art; whilst imagination completes the illusion, by peopling the scene with busy actors, each to his part, in the grand drama of the past—termed history.

Thus, imbued with the interest of the labour upon which we had entered, finding our path "not rough nor barren," we resolved to make the pages of our history "strewn with flowers." For this purpose, a laborious course of reading, especially as related to the early British and Roman history of the county, was necessary. The best work upon the subject we found to be, as regards arrangement, little better than "*rudis indigestaque moles*;" and to compare its statements, to seize upon their leading facts, and clothe them in language that should at once invite and inform, was no mean task. We soon, however, found that without such exertion, the *dry bones* of history would be unacceptable to the reader. We resolved, likewise, to work out the problem by identifying sites with events, wherever possible, by reference to the present face of the country, and its imperishable natural features; for, whatever may have been the condition of Surrey in the British and Roman period, there is little beyond its vast chalk hills and causeways, sites of fancied resemblance to encampments, and aged oaks and thorns, and busy rivers, to tell the tale of its former appropriation. With this impression, we wrote as follows:—

"Magna Charta, the Great Charter, is clearly associated with the county of Surrey: for, upon one of its greenswards, named *Runnymede*, was enacted this glorious deed of English history. 'To have produced it, to have preserved it, to have



matured it," remarks an eloquent historian, "constitute the immortal claim of England on the esteem of mankind."

"Introductory to that which may be considered as strictly topographical history, it will be expedient to make some inquiry relating to the earliest inhabitants of the southern part of Britain. All that relates to the original population and primitive history of that portion of the country, which subsequently became known as Surrey, is involved in considerable obscurity and doubt. This may be regarded as a perplexing field for the topographer, and especially an unpromising position for the commencement of his labours. Such, however, is not exclusively the case: unsatisfied research is usually the best stimulus to further investigation, and the diligent application of liberal curiosity in identifying traces of the past with the condition of the present, generally leads to interesting results. In the absence of actual proof, we may venture to exercise conjecture, so long as it is based upon rational evidence; on the disappearance of which the pursuit becomes unprofitable and useless. Under the guidance of this principle, we propose to examine briefly, yet carefully as circumstances will allow, the early state of that beautiful tract of country, the condition of which, in later times, we shall be enabled to describe more in detail.

"The imperishable natural features of the district in which Surrey is comprised, are the vast ranges of chalk-hills, now known as the North and South Downs; between which lay the *Coit-andred*, the mighty wood of the Britons, or the *Wyeld*, or *Weald*, that is the wild forest or chase of the Saxons. Its extent is stated by Camden at 120 miles in length by 30 broad, thus covering a large portion of the present counties of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, and some parts of Berkshire and Hampshire."

Into this wide forestal region, the Britons were, doubtless, driven by their early invaders; and when we recollect that a great portion of the tract bears to this day its original face and appellation, in its venerable oaks and thorns, and the *Weald*,—we shall no longer be surprised at the obscurity which hangs about its history at the distance of eighteen centuries. After the Roman invasion, it is reasonable to infer that the most important places lay on the coast, or South Downs, and on the opposite range of hills, or North Downs; but, the points at which the great forest of Andred's-weald, (*Sylva Anderida*), was crossed, must be left to inference alone. Few Roman inscriptions have been met with in this part of Britain; but a slab of marble, found at Chichester about 120 years since, and preserved in the gardens at Goodwood, prove the site of the above city to have been a town of eminence, soon after the Romans settled in our island. In Surrey, the leading event was the crossing of the Thames by Cæsar; but the precise point is involved in much dispute, and has been variously fixed between London and Chertsey bridges; whilst, as Cæsar, in his two descents, saw no more than a corner of modern Surrey, we in vain look for his recognition of the interior. Such were the slight materials with which we were to construct our earliest history of the county; with the aid, it is true, of Horsley's huge *Britannia Romana*, an ill-arranged work, but the best authority upon Anglo-Roman antiquities. We had proceeded only as far as the point whereat it became necessary to consider the history of the old British and Roman roads, when illness, of a most alarming nature, disabled us for literary labour; and whilst in the simoom of a fever, our coadjutor, Mr. Britton, withdrew his promise of aid, and we were, in consequence, induced to relinquish the work to Mr. Brayley. Our portion of the history does not, therefore, extend beyond the twelfth page of the opening chapter, which circumstance we rather expected Mr. Brayley would have indicated on completing the first volume; and, as he has not done so, we avail ourselves of this explanation. Mr. Britton was now prevailed on to join his old friend Mr. Brayley, whose son also lent his scientific

aid. It had been previously arranged, at the suggestion of Mr. Britton, that Dr. Mantell should write the Geological Section, which he has accomplished most satisfactorily.

The reader will scarcely expect an analysis of the new *History of Surrey*, although the county, from its proximity to the metropolis, is a district of very general interest. Mr. Brayley has, unquestionably, made Manning and Bray's large work as much the basis of his survey, as the chalk-hills are the back-bone of the county itself; the author, from time to time, engrafting upon this parent stock the best subsequent authorities, so as to complete his chain of narrative to the present date. The early history of the county cannot be considered striking;—in many places it is very scant of incident: for example, a century of the general history is despatched in pages 70 and 71. The account of the Earls of Warren and Surrey, on the other hand, occupies 45 pages; but they are "the great guns of the county," and in compiling their memoirs, Mr. Brayley has exercised his customary judgment in matters of genealogy and heraldry, occasionally enlivening the ennoblement with quotations of quaint old poetry. Having cleared these glories of the past, Mr. Brayley comes briefly to describe the present face of the county, and in a chapter of "General Notices relating to Surrey, in respect to its name," &c., it is well observed:—

"Perhaps, no other county of its size in England contains so many seats of noblemen and gentlemen as Surrey. This circumstance is, doubtless, in part to be attributed to the vicinity of the metropolis; but that the mildness and salubrity of its climate, and general beauty of its scenery, have proved powerful motives to induce persons of rank and wealth to settle here, cannot be questioned. It is a remarkable fact, however, that but very few ancient families, of note, are now resident in this district. The scenery of this county exhibits much variety; forming, indeed, in some places, a complete contrast between beauty and homeliness. In many parts the landscapes are diversified with picturesque uplands, romantic heights, woodland dells, verdant valleys, and plains covered with waving corn: other situations present rocky hills, or naked heaths, which yield but few attractive prospects to the curious traveller. The surface of the country is varied and undulating throughout almost the whole of that portion of the county to the north of the range of chalk-hills which crosses it from the neighbourhood of Farnham, on the west, to Godstone and Tatsfield, on the east. The northern side of these hills, from which the land declines gently towards the vale of the Thames, forms the Downs of Surrey; among which are scattered a multitude of verdant knolls, together with some loftier heights, whose summits yield many fine and varied prospects; as those from Sanderstead hill, near Croydon; from Banstead-downs; and from Box-hill, between Leatherhead and Dorking, the theme of many an admiring tourist. The southern side of the chalk-hills is rugged and abrupt, broken into precipitous cliffs, remarkable for their height and romantic appearance. The northern portion of the county, approaching the Thames, exhibits much inequality of surface; and here are several eminences which yield extensive and rich prospects. Such are Cooper's hill, celebrated by the muse of Denham; St. Anne's-hill, once the residence of Charles James Fox; and, further from the Thames, St. George's hill, near Esher, with its Roman encampment; after which, proceeding north-eastward, we meet with the heights of Richmond, Putney, and Roehampton; and beyond them, to the east, the rising grounds about Norwood and Dulwich, where the natural beauties arising from situation have been much improved by art. The views over the vale of the Thames from Richmond-hill, and the terrace-walk in Richmond park, can hardly be exceeded for picturesque richness of character. On the southern side of the Downs there are some remarkable heights that overhang the Weald, near Oxted, Godstone, Reigate, and Dorking. Among the stations whence the most distant and varied prospects may be obtained, are Tilburstow-hill, near Godstone; Leith-hill, south-west of

Dorking; Austie-bury-hill, from the southern brow of which a vast extent of country is overlooked; the heights in the neighbourhood of Hambledon and Hascombe; and Hind-head-hill, near the south-western extremity of the county; and also the road from Albury to Ewhurst.\* Towards the western border on this side, the hills are broader and less precipitous; while about Womersley, Godalming, and Pepperharrow, they are clothed with ample foliage, and the prospects are diversified with winding vales watered by the several streams that unite to form the Wey. From many points of the ridge called the Hog's-back, between Guildford and Farnham, the views, also, are extensive and picturesque; and a most commanding prospect to the south is obtained from Newland's-corner, above the Guildford race-course on Merrow-downs. A large extent of the western and southern borders of the county consists of barren heath and moorland; with a few inconsiderable slips of cultivated ground, projecting into the area, which are rendered fertile by the brooks and rivulets, that take their rise within the moorland district, and pour their tributary streams into the larger rivers."

This chapter extends but to four pages; which, from its living interest, is to be regretted: nevertheless, it is but intended as introductory to Dr. Mantell's Geological Survey; and his Retrospect is both so cleverly and popularly drawn up, that we cannot resist quoting it:—

"From this review of the strata and organic remains of this county, the sequence of the physical changes which it has undergone may be easily determined; and it may be stated, not as a hypothesis, but as a legitimate deduction from the facts before us, that the portion of the earth's surface which now forms the county of Surrey, has, within the period embraced by our researches, experienced the following mutations:—

"First. It was the delta of a vast river, that flowed through a country which enjoyed a tropical climate, and was inhabited by various reptiles, and clothed with palms and arborescent ferns. During this epoch the Wealden strata were deposited.

"Secondly. This delta subsided to a great depth, and was covered by an ocean, and formed the bottom of the sea for a period of sufficient duration to admit of the deposition of several thousand feet of strata, enclosing myriads of extinct species of marine fishes, shells, and corals. This era comprises the formation of the Chalk.

"Thirdly. The bed of this ocean was broken up; and some parts were elevated above the waves, and formed groups of islands; while the depressions, or basins, were filled with the waters of a sea teeming with marine fishes and shells, wholly distinct from those of the preceding ocean; and fed by streams which brought down from the land the remains of terrestrial mammalia, and trees and plants, also of extinct species and genera. These sedimentary deposits constitute the Tertiary formations.

"Fourthly. A farther elevation of some parts of the solid strata, and the depression of other portions, took place; and

\* "There is no part of the country," says Mr. Stevenson, "in which the appearance of the rich-wooded vale of the Weald, backed by the waving line of the South Downs, is more strikingly pleasing, than in passing from Albury to Ewhurst. After toiling up the deep and barren sands that rise to the south of Albury, which present no object on which the eye can rest itself, even for a single moment,—broken into hollows, which give only that variety which heightens the gloom and bleakness of the view,—we come suddenly to the southern edge of the hill, whence the whole extent of the Weald, clothed with wood, appears to the south, with an occasional peep of the sea through the breaks of the Sussex Downs, which form the back-ground: on the south-west, the rich and finely-varied country about Godalming appears, backed by the wild heaths that stretch across from Farnham to Haslemere. Sometimes, in a clear night, the shadow of the moon is to be seen glancing on the waves of the English Channel, and forming a singular and romantic feature in the prospect."—*Agriculture of Surrey*, p. 48.

the dry land was peopled by elephants, rhinoceroses, gigantic elks, and other mammalia, whose remains became imbedded in the mud and gravel of the lakes and estuaries. The Post-tertiary deposits.

"Lastly. Man appeared and took possession of the country; and such of the pachydermata as remained, were either extirpated (as the Irish elk, &c.), or reduced to a domestic state.\* At the present time, the metropolis of England is situated on the deposits which contain the remains of the elephant and the elk, and the accumulated spoils of the tertiary seas; the huntsman courses, and the shepherd tends his flocks, on the elevated and rounded masses of the bottom of the ancient ocean of the chalk; the farmer reaps his harvest, in the weald, upon the soil of the cultivated delta of the country of the iguanodon; and the geologist gathers together from the strata, the relics of beings which have lived and died, and whose very forms are obliterated from the face of the earth, and endeavours, from these natural memorials, to trace the succession of the physical events which have preceded all human history and tradition."

The Survey is liberally illustrated with plates of fossils, a geological map, and sections. The chapter on the Rivers of Surrey is likewise inviting; but we scarcely consider Mr. Mackay's superficial *Thames and its Tributaries* worthy of reference "for particulars of the magnificent scenery which gives interest and diversity to the banks of this noble river." Mr. Brayley likewise occasionally warms in eulogium, as in the following passage:—

"The genius of the poet has been often exercised in weaving wreaths for the god who is fabled to preside over the waters of this majestic stream; but no chaplet that we have seen, however the roses of Parnassus may have been entwined with it to increase its luxuriance, has surpassed the characteristic description of the 'Thames and its Tributaries,' which Mr. Pope has introduced in his Windsor Forest."

The account of the Mole and its Phenomena is illustrated with a large folding plate of "the Swallows," with picturesque vignettes. Dr. Mantell's observations are valuable. The notices of the forests, heaths, woodlands, plantations, and orchards, is entertaining, especially that portion which relates to the oak, "the weed of Surrey." The county is rich in timber, for Evelyn's example at Wotton has been nobly followed. Of the box of Box-hill there will, doubtless, be a more circumstantial account than appears here: surely, it is used by engravers, although not so stated, and they prefer the box from the Levant. The greater part of the hoops used in London are made in the copses of Surrey. The walnut is so productive, that from twenty to thirty bushels of walnuts have been frequently gathered from a single tree; and it has been calculated that 4,000,000 walnuts, or 2,000l. worth, at 1s. per hundred, are often sold during the three days of Croydon Fair; but we think the produce has considerably diminished since the date of this information, quoted from Malcolm. Mr. Brayley is rigidly cautious in his deductions, as when he tells us that several of the yew-trees "in Norbury Park and on Merrow Downs are of great antiquity, and from their vast and venerable but decayed aspect, may almost be regarded as having been patriarchs of the forest in the Druid age." The flavour of the Bagshot mutton we are, however, inclined to refer to the wild thyme in the pastures, rather than to the heath, on which they feed; at least, such is the effect at Banstead. Mr. Brayley has some especial favourites in terms: "divers" is one of them, as, when he tells us the lime is used by carvers and turners "for divers purposes connected with their respective trades," (p. 210); "on the southern hills of Surrey are *divers* large encampments," (p. 10); and five lines lower, in the same page, "in *divers* instances on insufficient grounds." Cider is referred to as "the vinous

\* See Wonders of Geology, vol. i. p. 408.



beverage;" and tracts of land are said to be "devoted to aration." It is, however, surprising how a writer gets elated with his subject; as in Malcolm's reference to the manufacture of *brooms* being "carried on in this country to a very great extent, and perhaps the *dépôt* for this article in the borough of Southwark exceeds that of any other part of the globe!" The divisions of the county, and its government, ecclesiastical and civil, are lucidly stated; and there is a valuable "Table of Parishes, Incumbents, Dates of Institution, Patrons, and Value of Livings in 1831."

The county-town of Guildford is minutely described—to the extent of 110 pages. Mr. Puttock, of Epsom, who has shown much ingenuity in elucidating the Anglo-Roman history of the county, considers Guildford to have been *Ardaoneon*, one of the principal Roman stations on the road from London to Winchester; and a portion of Guildford is, to this day, called *Artington*, reasonably set down as corrupted from *Ardaoneon*: but Mr. Brayley considers this to be a "conjectural remark." The cruel sport of bull-baiting was provided for the "amusement of the people" of Guildford, under the sanction of the corporation, as early, at least, as the reign of Edward III.; when it was customary for every person, on becoming a member of the corporation, to provide a breakfast for his brethren, and a bull to be baited; and as one of the Earls of Surrey is known to have introduced bull-baiting into England, (at Stamford,) he is reasonably enough set down as the originator of the sport at Guildford. Thus, were the people, in past ages, first brutalized, and then kept down by oppressive laws, attempted to be justified by the enormities which were a consequence of this brutalization!

(To be continued.)

#### ENGLISH SURNAMES. ESSAYS ON FAMILY NOMENCLATURE. BY MARK ANTONY LOWER.

(Concluded from page 35.)

NEXT, we pick "here a little and there a little," from "Local Surnames:"—

"After the practice of adopting the name of one's own estate had become pretty general amongst the landed families, men of the middle and lower classes, ('*ungentylmen*,' as the Boke of St. Albans has it,) imitating their superiors, borrowed their family names from the situation of their residences; thus, if one dwelt upon a *HILL*, he would style himself *Atte Hull*; if on a *MOOR*, *Atmoore*, or *Amore*; if *UNDER* a hill, *Underdown*; if near some *TOWER* or *GATE*, *Atte Tower* or *Agate*; if by some *LAKE* or *SHORE*, *Bythecater* or *Bythesen*, &c.

"The prefix principally made use of was *ATTE*, which was varied to *ATTEN* when the name began with a vowel. 'An instance of this kind occurs in the surname of that celebrated personage in legal matters, Mr. *John a-Noke*, whose original appellation was *John Atten Oak*, as that of his constant antagonist was *John Atte Style*. That the letter *N* is apt to pass from the end of one word to the beginning of another, is shown in *newt*, which has certainly been formed by a corruption from *an eut* or *eft*.' The surname *Noke* is now seldom met with, but its corruption *Noakes* is one of the most common of surnames. The phrase 'Jack Noakes and Tom Styles,' is familiarly employed to designate the rabble. *NASH* is, in like manner, a corruption of *Atten-Ash*, and *NYE* of *Atten-Eye*, at the island.

"*Beek*, a brook; *Beckett*, a little brook. How inappropriate a name for that furious bigot *St. Thomas* of Canterbury!

"*Barrow*, a tumulus. The first of this name probably resided near one of those mounds.

"*Biggin*, a building. *Newbiggin*, a new building.

"*Barton*, the yard of a house. Grose says this word is still used in Sussex. I have met with it in Devonshire. (We may add, in Somerset.)

"*Boys* (Fr. *Bois*), a wood. The French have their *Dubois*, &c.

"*Bourne*, a boundary stream. 'To that *bourne* from whence no traveller returns.' *Query*. Is the termination -*BORN* common to several names, as *Seaborn*, *Winterborn*, and *Newborn*, a corruption of this word; or are we to understand that the founders of those families were *born at sea*, in *winter*, &c.?

"*Bottle* (A. S. *botel*, a village). A sailor of this name, who had served on board the *Unity*, man of war, gave one of his children the ridiculous name of *Unity Bottle*. The child was baptized at a village in Sussex; the minister hesitated some time before he would perform the rite.

"*Bottom*, a low ground, a valley: hence *Longbottom*, a long dale; *Sidebottom*, *Ramsbottom*, and that elegant surname *Shufflebottom*, which, when understood to signify 'shaw-field-bottom,' has nothing ridiculous in it.

"*Cave*. A good name for a person residing in, or at the mouth of a cave. It originated, perhaps, in Derbyshire.

"*Crouch*, a cross (from the Latin *crux*). That all cross-roads formerly had a cross of wood or stone erected near the intersection, is pretty clear from the names still retained, as *John's Cross*, *Mark-Cross*, *Stone-Cross*, *High-Cross*, *New Cross*, *Wych-Cross* (perhaps so named in honour of *St. Richard de la Wych*, bishop of *Chichester*). All these, and many others, occur in Sussex.\* Such a spot bears the name of 'the *Crouch*.'

"*Gore*, a word used in old records to describe a narrow slip of ground. (As *Kensington Gore*.)

"*Hedge*, *Hedges*. There is a great disposition among the illiterate to pluralize surnames, as *Woods* for *Wood*, *Gibbs* for *Gibb*, *Reeves* for *Reeve*.

"*Tree*. Under this head may be mentioned several names originating from the residence of their first bearers near remarkable trees, as *Oakes*, *Aspen*, *Box*, *Alder*, *Pine*, *Vine*, *Ash*, *Plumtree*, *Appletree*, *Hawthorne*, *Cherry*, *Beech*, *Hazel*, *Willows*, and *Elmes*. *Appys* is a provincial word for *Asp*.

"*Warren*, a colony of rabbits,—also a Norman name.

"*Yate*, *Yates*, old word for gate."

From the "Names derived from Occupations and Pursuits," we take the following:

"Concerning these, *Verstegan* remarks, 'it is not to be doubted but their ancestors have first gotten them by using such trades, and the children of such parents being contented to take them upon them, after-coming posterity could hardly avoid them.' Pre-eminent in this class of names stands *Smith*, decidedly the most common surname amongst us. *Verstegan* asks—

'From whence comes *Smith*, all be he Knight or Squire,

But from the *Smith* that *forgeth* at the fire?"

but the antiquary should have been aware that the radix of this term is the Saxon *Smitan*, to smite; and therefore it was originally applied to artificers in wood, as well as to those in metal, as wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, and *smelters* in general. Hence the frequency of the name is easily accounted for.

"A very great number of words, obsolete in our language, or borrowed from other languages, and therefore unintelligible to the generality of people, are retained in surnames. Thus *Sutor* is the Latin and Old English for shoemaker, *Latimer* a writer of Latin, or, as *Camden* has it, 'an interpreter.' *Chaucer* is also said to signify a member of the gentle craft. *Leech*, the Saxon for physician, is still partially retained in some parts of the country in *cow-leech*, a business usually connected with that of the farrier. *Henry the First*, according to *Robert of Gloucester*—

— *Willed of a lampreye to ete,*

*But his Leches him verbede, cor yt was a feble mete.'*

*Thucaytes* signifies a feller of wood, and *Barker* is synonymous with *Tanner*. In the dialogue between *King Edward* the

\* These crosses served also for direction-posts. Probably this was their primary use, the religious idea being an afterthought.

Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth, in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, we have the following lines:

'What craftsman art thou, said the King,  
I pray thee telle me trowe?  
I am a *Barber*, Sir, by my trade,  
Now tell me, what art thou?'

*Jenner* is an old form of joiner; *Webbe*, and *Webster*, of weaver; and *Banister*, of Balneator, the keeper of a bath. A *Shearman* is one who shears worsteds, fustians, &c., an employment known at Norwich by the designation of shearman-craft. A *Lorimer* is a maker of bits for bridles, spurs, &c. There is or was a 'Lorimers' Company' in London. A *Pilcher* was a maker of pilches, a warm kind of upper garment, the 'great-coat' of the fourteenth century. Hence Chaucer:

'After gret hete cometh cold,  
No man cast his *pylch* away.'

*Sanger* and *Sangster* mean singer. An *Arkwright* was in old times a maker of meal-chests, an article of furniture in every house when families dressed their own flour.\*

"Names of this description, however mean their origin, are now to be found in the highest classes of society. The names *Coltlier* and *Sulter* are, or have been, in the British peerage, although those occupations were, in the middle ages, considered so vile and menial, that none but bondmen or slaves would follow them."

Yet, it is worthy of remark that a mere change in accent, often drives us wide of the etymology of a name. For instance, we have rarely heard "*Sanger*" pronounced otherwise than with the *g* hard, as though it were derived from *Sanguis*, Lat.; but when pronounced with the *g* soft, it readily gives the etymon, *singer*. The origin of common names, is, perhaps, after all, the most curious. Thus:

"The very common name of *Reed*. *Reed* or *Reid*, is an old spelling of *RED*, (a name given, probably, in reference to complexion), thus Chaucer—

'And flouris both white and *rede*;

and Sir John Maundeville, speaking of the Red Sea, says, 'That See is not more *reed* than another see; but in some places thereof is the gravelle *reede*: and therefore men clepen it the *Rede* Sea.'

A chapter of oddities yields these quips:

"Names sometimes form a singular association or contrast. The Duke of Wellington in a visit to some place in the country was conducted by a *Mr. Coward*. In partnerships we often discover a singular junction of names; for instance, 'Bowyer and Fletcher'; 'Carpenter and Wood'; 'Spinage and Lamb'; 'Sage and Gosling'; 'Rumfit and Cutwell, Tailors'; &c. The occupation sometimes associates very peculiarly with the name; we have known apothecaries and surgeons of the names of *Littlefear*, *Butcher*, *Death*, and *Coffin*; *Pie*, a pastry-cook; *Rideout*, a stable keeper; *Tugwell*, a dentist, [another a shoemaker]; *Lightfoot*, a dancing-master; *Mixwell*, a publican; and two hosiers of the name of *Foot* and *Stocking*. We also recollect a sign with 'Write, late *Read* and *Write*,' inscribed upon it. . . . Hymen, too, plays sad vagaries with names. We have seen *Mr. Good* married to *Miss Evil*; *Mr. Bean* to *Miss Pease*; *Mr. Brass* to *Miss Mould*; and *Mr. Gladdish* to *Miss Cleverly*."† "In the neighbourhood of one of the squares of London there are now living surgeons whose names are the appropriate ones of *Churchyard*, *Death*, *Blood* and *Slaughter*."

"An ancestor of my own, by trade a carpenter, used often facetiously to remark, that he should never want *timber*, as two of his workmen bore the names of *Sevenoaks* and *Tree*!"

The following historical origins of surnames are striking:

"The Scottish surname of *DALZELL* originated, according to Nisbet, from the following incident. 'A favourite of Kenneth II. having been hanged by the Picts, and the king being much concerned that the body should be exposed in so disgraceful a situation, offered a large reward to him who

should rescue it. . . . This being an enterprise of great danger, no one was found bold enough to undertake it, till a gentleman came to the king and said '*Dalziel*,' that is, 'I dare,' and accordingly performed the hazardous exploit.\* In memory of this circumstance his descendants assumed for their arms a man hanging on a gallows, and the motto *I dare*. The Dalziels at length became Earls of Carnwath. Another eminent Scottish surname, that of *BUCLEUCH*, is derived, on the authority of Sir Walter Scott, from a very trifling incident. 'A king of Scotland being 'on hontynge' in company with his courtiers, a fine buck of which he was in pursuit being hard pressed by the hounds fell into a clough or ravine, Scottish, '*cleuch*.' The sport being thus interrupted, the royal hunter requested one of his attendants to extricate the game in order that the sport might be renewed. This, although no slight task for a single arm, he accomplished to the king's liking, and the athletic courtier received from the king's own mouth the name of *Buck-cleuch*, which is still borne by his descendant, the Duke of Buccleuch."

"Many of the names given to foundlings might be classed with historical surnames. A poor child picked up at the town of Newark-upon-Trent, received from the inhabitants the whimsical name of *Tom Among us*. Becoming a man of eminence, he changed his name for the more euphonious one of *DR. THOMAS MAGNUS*. He was employed in several embassies, and, in gratitude to the good people of Newark, he erected a grammar-school there, which still exists."†

"The following was related to me by a gentleman, one of whose friends witnessed the occurrence. A poor child, who had been found in the high road and conveyed to the village workhouse, being brought before the parish vestry to receive a name, much sage discussion took place, and many brains were racked for an appropriate cognomen. As the circumstance happened in the 'month of flowers and song,' a good-natured farmer suggested that the poor child should be christened *John May*; an idea in which several of the vestrymen concurred. One of the clique, however, more aristocratic than his neighbours, was of opinion that that was far too good a name for the ill-starred brat, and proposed in lieu of it that of *Jack Parish*—the designation that was eventually adopted!"

From the rebuses we quote a few; those explaining the ugly wood-cuts in old books may be useful:

"Rebuses are occasionally of great use in determining the dates and founders of buildings. Thus the parsonage-house at Great Snoring, in Norfolk, is only known to have been built by one of the family of *SHELTON* by the device upon it representing a *shell* upon a *tun*.

"Our old printers were as fond of name-devices in the sixteenth century, as the abbots and priors of the fifteenth had been. Thus William *NORTON* gave, on the title-pages of the books printed by him, a *sweet William* growing out of the bung hole of a *tun*, labelled with the syllable *NOR*; William *MIDDLETON* gave a capital *M* in the *middle* of a *tun*; Richard *GRAFTON*, the *graft* of an apple-tree issuing from a *tun*; and *GARRET DEWS*, two fellows in a *garret* playing at dice and casting *deux*! John *DAY* used the figure of a sleeping boy, whom another boy was awakening, and, pointing to the sun, exclaiming, 'Arise, for it is *day*.'‡ A clumsy invention, scarcely deserving the name of a rebus. Perhaps the most far-fetched device ever used was that of another printer, one Master *JUGGE*, who took to express his name a nightingale sitting in a bush with a scrole in her mouth, wherein was written *Jugge, jugge, jugge*.§

"Some printers in recent times have imitated their typographical ancestors by the introduction of their rebus on title-pages. The late Mr. *TALBOYS*, of Oxford, ensigned all his publications with an axe struck into the stem of a tree, and the motto *TAILLE BOIS*."

\* Pegge's *Curial Miscel.* p. 233.

† *Comd. Rem.* p. 128.

‡ Vide a plate in Ames's *Typogr. Antiq.* and in Fosbroke's *Ency. of Antiq.*

§ Peacham ('Complæat Gentleman,' I presume,) cited in Johnson's *Dict. voc. REBUS*.

\* Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary*, p. 5.

† Collet's *Relies of Literature*, p. 305.

‡ *Daily Paper*, Oct. 1838.

Under "Latinized surnames" is related this amusing piece of absurdity—the changing of Sir John Hawkwood into *Johannes Acutus*, as related by Verstegan :

"Some gentlemen of our nation travelling into Italy and passing through Florence, there, in the great church, beholding the monument and epitaph of the renowned English knight, and most famous warrior of his time, there named *Johannes Acutus*, long wondered *what John Sharp this might be*, seeing in England they had never heard of any such, his name rightly written being indeed *Sir John Hawkwood*; but by omitting the H in Latine as frivolous, and the K and W as unusual, he is here from *Hawkwood* turned into *Acutus*, and from *Acutus* returned in English again unto *Sharp*!"

Here we must take leave of Mr. Lower's very amusing and clever little volume, which we most cordially recommend to every lover of philological inquiry, as well as to all who are fond of literary recreation. We may be excused the remark, that nowhere have we been able to trace the origin of our own name, which thus in rarity makes up for its want of euphony. We believe it to be of German source. A namesake, at Worcester, thinks Tymbs occurs in Shakspeare; if so, we hope some of the editors at work in this rich mine will turn up the gem! The name without the *b* is mean in the extreme; and ridicule enough has been thrown upon poor "Tims" by Goldsmith, and upon the "County Tims" in Blackwood's Magazine. We have been charged with interpolating the *b*, to add to the consequence of the name; but this accusation was made by a poverty-stricken creature, named Tims, an entire stranger to "our family," of course. We never see this name without thanking our lucky stars, (not the Garter of Herald's College,) that we are not as other Times: this may be playing the Pharisee, but we cannot help it. It is a piece of pride—and thus having a name to one's self—which, up to the present moment, we have maintained. Nevertheless, we are willing to exchange our name, much as we prize it, *i. e.* if any reader will make it worth our while; and many a birth-right has been trucked with a less worthy motive.

### THE OLD ASH TREE.

The old ash tree, which I loved so well,  
How many a tale do its branches tell;  
Of the days of yore, that are passed away,  
When hope was young and life was gay;  
When the future seemed as a glorious thing,  
The past to have fled, and have left no sting!

Oh! merrily were those bright hours spent,  
Like angels' visits to mortals sent,  
To soothe the misery caused by sin,  
They seem as a bar ere wrath begin;  
Ere vengeance his red right arm hath bared,  
As victims of justice by mercy spared.

I love to sit in its wide embrace,  
And each beauteous feature of nature trace;  
To hear the sound of the rippling stream,  
And to watch the sun's last crimson gleam;  
Till his chariot sinks to its evening rest,  
And his horses their golden couch have pressed.

That old ash tree will be dear to me,  
When far from my friends and my home I be;  
When no tie is left, but all forgot,  
And memory clings to my former lot;  
Like the dying miser o'er his gold—  
'Twill be as a dream, as a tale twice told.

Nor must I pass by that legend wild,  
Of terror the source to every child;  
How the "Bog Garth Ladye" dressed in white,  
Fearfully haunts the shades of night;  
And how, when appears the morning grey,  
Hersprite may be seen fast flitting away.

And thou, my friend, who wert ever near,  
My grief to soothe, and my joy to share;  
As with book in hand, on study bent,  
Or in merry mood our way we went—  
Can I forget thy joyous air,  
When thou wert seated by me there?

Adieu! adieu! my old ash tree!  
Many a time shall I think on thee;  
When far away from my native soil,  
Subdued by grief, or fatigued by toil:  
Oh that my life may be serene,  
As when first I loved thy branches green!

Kirton.

S. D. E.

### Varieties.

*Tricks upon Travellers.*—Governor Grey, when in Teneriffe, not speaking a word of Spanish, had some difficulty in paying his bill at an inn. One of the guides saw the Governor's embarrassment, and made signs that he would arrange matters, and a dollar was given him for the purpose. With this he paid the bill, and received some change, which he coolly pocketed; and when asked for it, he pretended, with the utmost nonchalance, not to understand the Governor, who accordingly saw no more of it.

*Suicide* is unknown in Western Australia. The natives are believed to have no idea that such a thing as a person putting an end to his own life could ever occur. Whenever Governor Grey interrogated them on this point, they invariably laughed at him, and treated his question as a joke! Idiots are rare among these people, and mad persons are unknown.

*Stealing a Wife*, in Western Australia, is generally punished with death. If the woman is not returned within a certain period, either her seducer, or one of his relatives, is certain eventually to be slain. The crime of adultery is punished severely—often with death. Marriages out of the right time, are held in the greatest abhorrence, closely assimilating, in this last point, with the North American Indians. Neither can a man of Australia marry a woman of his own family.

*Tom Cringle's Log.*—The author of the *Log* was a Mr. Mick Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1739, and educated at the High School there. Several years of his life were spent in the West Indies; he ultimately married, returned to his native country, and there embarked in commercial speculations, in the leisure between which he wrote the *Log*. Notwithstanding its popularity in Europe and America, the author preserved his incognito to the last. He survived his publisher for some years, and it was not till the death of the author that the sons of Mr. Blackwood were aware of his name.

*Lady Bankers.*—A short time ago, two of the richest bankers in London were Peeresses; the Duchess of St. Alban's, and the Countess of Jersey, who, as the heiress of Josiah Child, is still the principal partner at Child's. Both ladies were at one time said to be in the habit of paying periodical visits to their respective establishments, and to have been distinguished by the affability and good sense with which they sustained their positions, inspected the books, and entered into general details. But this report was true, and that in part, only of the late Duchess of St. Alban's. Her Grace was certainly fond of showing herself at the Bank in the Strand, and peering questions at the partners and clerks, with whom she was no favourite, being in truth somewhat of a bore. Lady Jersey,\* as the representative of Sir Josiah Child's interest, only attends the Bank once a year, when the accounts are balanced and the profits struck. On this occasion, the partners dine together at the Bank, and the Countess, as the principal partner, takes the head of the table.—*Banks and Bankers.*

\* The last Mr. Child left an only daughter, who was the heiress of his great wealth, and married to the Earl of Westmoreland. The eldest daughter of that marriage was the present Countess of Jersey, to whom her grandfather's interest in the Bank is understood to have descended.



*The Annuals.*—I know one celebrated author, who still lends his name to the pages of the Annuals, and is paid for his articles; but always hands over the sum to the Literary Fund.—*Godfrey Malvern.*

*Mr. Fuller's Idea of Excess.*—There is a story told of this banker of the old school, that on the day he completed his eightieth year, he made mention of the circumstance at the bank; and one of the clerks, more courageous than the rest, expressed a hope that they might have the pleasure of drinking his health and many happy returns of the day. To the general surprise, the old gentleman took the hint graciously, and said, "Well, we shall see." Just before dinner-time he withdrew for a minute or two, and returned into the office with a bottle of port in his hand, which he placed upon the challenging clerk's desk, saying, "Well, I have brought you a bottle of port wine to drink my health, as you wished; it is good wine, and I hope, young men, that you will commit no excess with it."—*Banks and Bankers.*

*Confidence*, after all, has a great deal to do with success. It is the very main-spring of the machine. It is strength and courage. But it must be the confidence of action, not the half-dreamy uncertainty of hope, that sits listlessly beside the hearth with arms folded and eyes closed, and, like the old woman with the empty pot on the fire, feels certain that there will be something in it at dinner-time; and the excuse of the idle man, who leaves all to Providence, and does nothing himself. Elijah trusted not all to the ravens; but, while he could, "ate and drank," well knowing that his journey was great. It was only whilst executing his great mission that his wants were attended to—he loitered not by the way. There is not in the whole Bible a passage which more strongly points out the necessity of industry, than the one above, although too many quote it as an excuse for idleness; and from it attempt to prove, that man ought to—

"Just do nothing all the day,  
And soundly sleep the night away."

*Godfrey Malvern.*

*Tea in China* is commonly made by putting a few leaves into each cup, and pouring boiling water upon them. The cups are always provided with tops, to preserve the delicate aroma of the tea, and the infusion is drunk without admixture of any kind. Milk is not used for any purpose whatever in China.

*Chinese Sports.*—Of out-door games in China, the most popular is kite flying. In this the Chinese excel. They show their superiority as well in the curious construction of their kites, as in the height to which they make them mount. By means of round holes, supplied with vibrating cords, their kites are made to produce a loud humming noise like that of a top. The ninth day of the ninth moon is a holiday especially devoted to this national pastime, when the people flock to the hills to fly their kites. It is said, that in ancient times, a kind of foot-ball was introduced into the "army of heaven," as an exercise for soldiers. A game at shuttlecock, in which the feet serve as battledores, is also a favourite field sport. In Pekin, during the winter, skating, and other amusements on the ice, in which the emperor takes a part, are among the national exercises.—*Catalogue of the Chinese Collection.*

*Bamboo* is as useful to the Chinese as the rein-deer is to the Laplander. Of this gigantic grass, or reed, there are numerous varieties, and the uses to which it is applied are quite as curious. Hats, baskets, shields, umbrellas, ornamental furniture, ropes, paper, poles for scaffolding, temporary theatres, &c., are constructed of bamboo. The young shoots are used for food, being boiled, or stewed, like asparagus; and sweetmeats are sometimes made of them. The tubes serve as pipe-stems; and for every purpose wherein strength, combined with lightness, is required, they are admirably suited, being formed upon the same principle as the bones of birds. Farmers make many of their implements of bamboo; and a silicious concretion, found in the joints, is an item in the Chinese *materia medica*.—*Ibid.* (Surely, the above "concretion" is tabasheer?)

*Mending Cast-Iron.*—The Chinese have the art of repairing cast-iron when injured—an art, so far as we know, not possessed by any other nation.—*Ibid.*

*Greece.*—So highly rarefied is the atmosphere of Greece, that the Acropolis at Athens is visible at 60 miles distance!

*Mr. Hood*, in an epigram, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, proposes, in consequence of some recent treasonable attempts, to change the name of Constitution Hill to *Shooter's Hill*. This is a dangerous joke, and is in very equivocal taste. Mr. Hood should not perpetrate such things for the sake of the joke.

*Felon Literature.*—The minor theatres of Liverpool appear to be nurseries of crime. Some of the boys in the Borough Gaol there ascribe to these theatres, or rather to the performances, their first initiation into crime. In the examination by the prison inspectors, M. S., aged 18, said:—"I have been eight times in prison, and twice discharged; I cannot say how many times I have been at the Sans Pareil (theatre), I have been there so often; I have seen JACK SHEPPARD, and, if any thing, it encouraged me to commit greater crimes; I thought that part the best where he robbed his master and mistress." We congratulate the author of this piece of work upon his easily-earned immortality: his *Jack Sheppard* is the Crichton of felon literature.

*The Drama.*—The royal patent does not appear to have fostered the drama. Lord Mahon recently stated in Parliament:—"Johnson forced Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* into the theatre. Tobin died regretting that he could not succeed in having the *Honeymoon* performed. Lillo produced *George Barnwell* at an irregular theatre, after it had been rejected by the holders of the patents. *Douglas* was cast back on Home's hands. Fielding was introduced as a dramatist to the public at an unlicensed house; and Mrs. Inchbald's comedy had lain two years neglected, when, by a trifling incident, she was able to obtain the manager's approval. Sir Walter Scott has written as follows:—"Where are we to look for that unfortunate counterbalance which confessedly depresses the national drama? We apprehend it will be found in the monopoly possessed by two large establishments. It must be distinctly understood that we attribute these disadvantages to the system itself, and by no means to those who have the administration of either theatre."

*The Chinese Collection* now exhibiting at St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, is, without exception, the most attractive assemblage of curiosities ever presented to the public. We intend, in our next publication, to make a selection from these "ten thousand Chinese things;" but, it is to the unique character of the collection, i.e. as a whole, that we are anxious to point the reader's attention, presenting as it does a perfect picture of "the genius, government, history, literature, agriculture, arts, trade, manners, customs, and social life, of the people of the celestial empire." This collection was originally exhibited in Philadelphia, where upwards of 50,000 copies of the catalogue have been disposed of.

*International Copyright.*—A meeting of publishers, authors, and others interested in the book-trade, has been held "on the enormous and increasing evil of the foreign piracy of British literary works." Mr. James, the novelist, proposed the first resolution, and, almost at the moment he was speaking, there was received in this country, from New York, a double number (price 6d.) of the *Moral World*, containing every letter of Mr. James's *Morley Ernstein*, published in London, in 3 vols. at 1l. 11s. 6d.! The Americans, by the way, are rapid printers; for, at Philadelphia, one of Sir Walter Scott's novels has been put in types in the course of a single day!

*Half-Farthings* were first coined in the 35th year of the reign of King Henry III. Their re-issue will, doubtless, be useful to persons in humble circumstances, as a protection from knavish shopkeepers. Some persons affect not to understand what the use of half-farthings may be; reminding us of Beau Brummel's reply, when solicited by a beggar for "only a halfpenny,"—"Fellow, I don't know the coin!"

London: Published for the Proprietors, by W. BRITAIN, Paternoster Row. Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

London: J. Rider, Printer, 14, Bartholomew Close.